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OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

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Correspondence.

PRETERNATURAL APPEARANCES & PRESENTIMENTS.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.—*Swift.*

(Continued from our former paper.)

We last week expressed an apprehension that our *Slate-hall* correspondent, probably in consequence of the unceremonious manner in which some of his sceptical antagonists had treated his arguments and alleged facts, had abandoned the cause he had volunteered to advocate. We are glad, however, to find that this is not the case; he, on the contrary, has returned to his post with renewed vigour and unabated confidence. We regret, at the same time, to perceive that our correspondent appears to be out of humour with us, and still more so with some of our correspondents who are opposed to him on the point in dispute. We shall leave those correspondents to answer for themselves, only observing by the way, that it would be an interminable and a most thankless office on our parts to remodel the phraseology of the communications which are offered to us for acceptance, and to adapt them precisely to our own notions of decorum and propriety. We always lament to find any unnecessary irritation on the part of literary disputants; it is neither becoming nor politic; as any display of a ruffled temper is often a symptom rather of weakness than of strength. For our own share in the controversy, we, however, disclaim all such feelings; we endeavour uniformly to avoid any departure from that courtesy which is due to our friends and readers. We were, therefore, not a little surprised at that part of *H. D.'s* letter, wherein we are taxed with "treating him with very little either of the courtesy of a gentleman, or the spirit of a candid inquirer after truth." When we read this serious accusation (for such we deem it) we reverted to the expressions which appear to have thus nettled our correspondent, but we could not discover any thing therein to give offence to any reasonable person. We characterized a belief in ghosts as "a debasing superstition, not less opposed to the convictions of sound sense, than to our exalted notions of an immutable Deity." Our correspondent appears to regard this as tantamount to calling all those fools who put any faith in supernatural appearances; nor do we deny that we meant to imply that such persons, on that particular point, are not of sound mind. This, however, is no impeachment either of their characters or of their understandings upon general subjects. All false opinions are "opposed to the convictions of sound sense;" and as every man entertains *some* false notions, it follows that every man, on some points, believes in opposition to the "convictions of sound sense." We think *H. D.* is in this predicament on the ghost question; and he, in turn, is no doubt convinced that our scepticism is equally opposed to sound sense, seeing that it is not to be shaken by the instances which he has adduced, and which he, no doubt, believes to be facts.

We beg, therefore, to disclaim all intention of casting the slightest imputation upon the understanding of our correspondent, or of giving any offence, when we repeat our convictions, that the belief in ghosts is opposed to the convictions of sound sense. Sir Matthew Hale, to whom we alluded on a former occasion, was a man of most extensive knowledge and enlarged mind, but, like other men, he had his weak side; and when he charged a jury to pronounce an old woman to be a witch, he acted in opposition to the dictates of sound sense, unless the old woman really were a witch.

Our correspondent very erroneously concludes, that because we have avowed ourselves "confirmed sceptics in ghostly matters," we are necessarily proof against all argument; and that his communications, whatever they contain, will never produce any effect upon our opinions." Now, were we prone to take offence, we might say that this assertion is not in accordance with courtesy, and so forth, as it charges us with wilfully shutting our eyes against the light of truth and conviction. We can conceive no more grave accusation, because, if true, it would prove that we were both knave and fool; for the proverb says, that "a wise man changes his mind often,—a fool never."

We can assure our correspondent, that there is nothing we so ardently wish for as to arrive at the truth on this and every other subject; and that if he can adduce the indisputable and well-established facts, which we have a right to demand, he will find that we shall, without hesitation or shame, renounce our present faith, and embrace his. He will, however, in all probability, deem us unreasonable when we add, that in order to establish the existence of ghosts, we shall require that sort of evidence which would satisfy a jury and a court of justice; for surely, when the point to be established is an apparent suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, we ought not to rest satisfied with a less clear and convincing body of evidence than is deemed indispensible in ordinary cases. Adopting this rule, we would ask whether the two dreams adduced by our correspondent could possibly be received as evidence, at this time of day, in any court of law or equity?

In his answer to our argument against the probability of the existence of ghosts and apparitions, which we deduced from the frivolous and unsatisfactory errands upon which they are said to be permitted to revisit the earth, *H. D.* is, in our opinion, very illogical and unsatisfactory. He observes, that such an objection has nothing whatever to do with the question; and then, as if there were any analogy between the two subjects, he challenges us to explain why the plumage of certain birds is of one colour, in preference to another. Although it is by no means imperative upon us to notice a question so foreign to the point in dispute, we have no objection to reply, to the best of our judgment, that it has pleased the Author of nature that it should be so. Perhaps he will say, "Yes, and it has also pleased Providence that spirits should be permitted to appear to certain persons." But this conclusion, so far from being a *non sequitur*, is begging the question: it is assuming that to be proved which is under investigation. We ask why the apparent order of nature should be interrupted for the most insignificant purposes? and is it any answer to the question, to demand of us why grass is green? We know that it is green, because we have, ourselves, seen and examined it; and we know, also, that grass is useful in affording pasture to those animals which serve for the food of man. But we never saw a ghost; and as we can recognise no utility or design in their visits, we reject all belief in them, which we ascribe to imposture, fear, nervous debility, or to some natural, although unknown, cause.*

H. D. has this week been joined by a powerful ally in the person of *J. H.*, who declares that he has seen a ghost. Our esteemed *poetical* correspondent will pardon our wishing he had also felt it; because the old adage, that "seeing is believing," says further, "but feeling has no fellow."

* Has *H. D.* ever read Dr. Ferriar's able and interesting essay towards a theory of apparitions? if not, he may very shortly have an opportunity, as it is our intention to republish the whole in the *Kaleidoscope*. It is equally ingenious in its reasoning, useful in its conclusions, and is altogether one of the most valuable essays ever written.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Having the two last numbers of your paper now before me, I will proceed to remark upon each objectionable passage as it occurs, without any particular attention to the order of subject, considering this the clearest, if not the most elegant, method of laying before your readers my answer to your observations.

In No. 306, you set out by observing, that "you are a confirmed sceptic in all ghostly matters;" in other words, that upon you, at least, my words are wasted; that you are armed in triple steel against all arguments; and that my communications, whatever they contain, will never produce any effect on your opinions. This is certainly a great encouragement to me to continue the Herculean labour (as it now appears to be) which I have undertaken! Nevertheless, I will proceed, in the hope that some of your readers may be less confirmed in unbelief than yourself, and that upon them at least I have the chance of making some impression; only just stopping to observe, that for a man wilfully to shut his mind against conviction, in order that he may not be obliged to believe any thing he is averse to, is as absurd, as for one in the full possession of his faculties wilfully to deprive himself of the sense of hearing, to avoid being stunned by the unpleasant mention of his faults.

My opinions on this subject, Mr. Editor, as well as your own, on the result of reasoning, are entirely opposed to my early associations. In my youth I was taught to despise the idea of supernatural appearances, as your correspondents now do; but serious consideration changed my views. Nor do I fear that a belief in the doctrine I hold forth will render men timid and superstitious; at least it will be their own faults if it does. Fools only believe and tremble; sceptics tremble without believing; and the wise believe without trembling.

You next remark, that the opinions of any man, how illustrious soever, are not entitled to any weight. I beg leave to differ from you. Opinions cannot, indeed, be adduced as arguments; but, nevertheless, the opinions of eminent men ought to weigh considerably on our minds, and, at least, serve to show that enough is to be said on our side the question to have convinced some of the most

powerful and penetrating minds that ever adorned the literary world: they, at least, serve to show, that, if those who have examined the subject have believed in apparitions, those who have not, have no title to laugh it to scorn; and that by so doing, they only display their folly, their vanity, and the weakness of their cause.

Again; you are pleased to stigmatize a belief in apparitions as "debasing superstition, not less opposed to the convictions of sound sense, than to our exalted notions of an immutable Deity." This, Mr. Editor, is, to say the least, treating your opponents with very little either of the courtesy of a gentleman, or the spirit of a candid inquirer after truth. But it is also directly begging the question, and, without proof, assuming that to be a "debasing superstition" which I am endeavouring to prove a correct and well-founded belief. And I would here observe, once for all, that this kind of declamatory and abusive writing, which is the sum and substance of all my opponents' letters, is in every respect perfectly useless, and does not advance us a single step on our investigation. There is no talent, no originality in it; the same thing has been said, and said much better, by others before them; and I cannot conceive what makes them stick to it in such a *leech-like* manner, except it be the conviction that it is the only ground on which they can maintain their tottering cause.

You next comment on the apparently frivolous errands upon which ghosts seem to return to this world. This, I repeat, has nothing at all to do with the subject. The objects of supernatural appearances must be left in a great measure to conjecture; and when you can inform me why the *Toucan*, which lives in the woods of South America, should be formed in the beautiful and peculiar manner it is, though hardly ever seen by the eye of man,—or why the plumage of the Bird of Paradise should be composed of variegated colours, instead of being jet black, then I will allow the justice of my being called upon to state an adequate object for each supernatural appearance that I record. One object, however, there is, which is common to every instance of the kind, viz. to instil into the minds of men the conviction that there is a a superior power continually at work in the affairs of the world.

You ask in No. 307, in answer to one of my instances, "Why did the Governor dream only of Dr. Hervey?" I will answer you in a few words. Because it was the will of the Almighty (as we learn by the sequel) that Dr. Hervey should be saved, but that his companions should perish. Can there be any better reason?

With respect to the second instance you observe, "Why was the dream sent to the physician, since it had no effect upon him?" I answer, to warn him of his fate. He neglected the warning, as your correspondents would have done, and suffered for his temerity.

You next enumerate all the impostures which have at different times taken place in your neighbourhood. These, I must remark, are quite irrelevant. We know that many such impostures have been played off upon the credulous. But how Miss M'Avoy's pretending to see with her fingers invalidates my apparitions, I am at a loss to discover.

I will now proceed to the consideration of the second epistle of your correspondent who signs himself *L.* His whole letter from beginning to end is a *petitio principii*. There is scarcely a single sentence in which he does not directly or indirectly assert a belief in apparitions to be groundless and absurd—the very point in dispute. Indeed, were all assertions of this kind cut out, his letter would shrink into half its original size.

I will pass by his rhetorical defence of himself and other sceptics, who, he asserts, act up to the admirable motto, "*Mundus mea patria, religio facere bonum.*"—*(Credat Judæus Apella.)*—*L.*, then, after some reflections on my "scholastic" method of arguing, proceeds to affirm, that, in "some respects, Dr. Johnson was one of the weakest men that ever lived." *Some respects*, meaning, of course, his belief in apparitions. I pray of your readers to lend me their attention for a moment, while I consider this epithet. This single sentence contains the secret of all my opponents' arguments. Here is a *factotum*, a *panacea*, an all-powerful antidote to all my reasoning and facts. The logic is as follows:—Every man who believes in apparitions must have a weak mind: the arguments of a weak mind ought to have no weight with us: *ergo*, the arguments of a person who believes in apparitions should have no weight with us. Such sophistry as this is like a rusty pistol, which does infinitely more harm to the *shooter* than to the *shootee*.

The paragraph respecting Saul is equally futile reasoning. *L.* asserts that Saul was insane, and brings to support his assertion the fact "that the Lord had departed from him," and that he sought the life of David. Now, I would ask *L.*, is every man who is wicked necessarily insane? And is it any mark of insanity to hate that man whose merit has eclipsed your own? But even admitting that Saul was insane, the fact remains the same; for Samuel was seen by the witch, and by Saul's servants, as well as by himself.

L. now comments on my assertion that "a faith in presentiments, if well founded, is not to be relinquished from a fear of its making the believer melancholy and miserable through life." I abide by my original assertion. The case which *L.* supposes is quite irrelevant, for there his duty would be concerned, and nothing ought to interfere with its discharge. But according to *L.* we ought not to believe that it is dangerous to cross a deep and rapid river, lest it should prevent us from attempting to assist some unfortunate person in danger on the other side!

To conclude, *L.* asks, "why it is that the diffusion of knowledge generally annihilates superstition?" For this simple reason, because superstition is founded in ignorance. But if he means to ask, why it is that there are so many fewer instances of supernatural agency now than formerly? I answer, because by far the greater number of them were false and unfounded; and every thing that is false, knowledge does away with.

[In my letter of April 25, there is a misprint, which I will thank you to alter. At present it stands, "in which the parties concerned are *now* living;" should be "*not* living." Few persons living like to put their names to any narrative of this kind.]

Before I conclude this letter, I will mention two more instances of prophetic dreams.

THIRD FACT.

Mr. King, a respectable baker, residing in Castle-street, Oxford-street, London, had two sons, who died in India. In the month that the eldest died, he was alarmed by dreaming that he saw his son pale, ghastly, and about to be buried. Alarmed at the impression which the dream left upon his mind, he imparted it next morning to his wife. After some months, he received intelligence that his son had died, as far as could be ascertained, precisely at the time his father had the above dream. This he is ready to attest.

FOURTH FACT.

A respectable gentleman, a Dissenting minister, now "living, and like to live," one evening, a year or two ago, dreamed that he was standing on the sea-shore, and that at a little distance was a rocky cavern, which seemed to extend an indefinite way into the earth. Presently, a boat issued forth, and in it was placed a beautiful and majestic figure, with a plume of feathers on his head. The dream struck him, and he mentioned it to his wife. Next morning a person came to his house with a picture, the exact representation of what had passed before him in his dream. The picture was but just finished; he had never seen it before, nor any place resembling it. He declines having his name mentioned, but is ready to confirm this narration, if necessary, by a direct communication with your paper; though I think you will have sufficient confidence in my word, as a gentleman, that I have stated the fact just as I received it from him.

Since writing the above I have been favoured with your last paper, containing *J. D.'s* letter on the subject. I rejoice to see the calm and reasonable manner in which this gentlemen enters upon the discussion. I shall be much obliged to *J. D.* for the fact to which he refers, and will, if furnished with it, employ it when I come to consider the existence of witches. A letter addressed to *H. D. Post-office, Manchester*, will find me. I could have wished to have made some remarks on *J. D.'s* letter, but I have now neither time nor room. H. D.

Slate-hall, May 28, 1826.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been much interested by the discussion carried on in your paper respecting preternatural appearances, and if you will permit a poetical contributor to address you in plain prose, I think I shall be able to bring forward some facts in support of the opinion *H. D.* has so ably advocated. The first fact I shall bring forward I can personally vouch for, and I trust neither you nor your correspondents will call in question the truth of my assertions. It may appear strange that in this enlightened age any person can be found who professes to have seen a supernatural being; yet I boldly and fearlessly assert *I* have seen one, and until a rational explanation of the following account can be given, I shall continue firmly to believe in the appearance of apparitions.

About eight years ago I lived with a relation, who was in the habit of coming home late in the evening, and it was my custom to sit up until his arrival. On one occasion he came home about eleven o'clock, and, as usual, I was waiting for him: we conversed together for a short time, and, while he was speaking, my eyes were directed by chance towards the door of the room in which we were sitting, and, to my confusion and dismay, I beheld a man standing in the door place. I hastily exclaimed, pointing towards the door, "There is a man in the room." My relation looked towards the place, and declared he saw nothing, and yet the apparition (for so I must call it) kept its station unmoved. After a few moments it disappeared, but again returned. Again I exclaimed, "There is a man standing at the door;" but my relation still said he saw nothing. The apparition stood in the door place for a considerable time; and nothing could exceed my dismay, when, to my frequent assurances that I saw some person, my relation said I was surely mad, for he saw nothing. At length the apparition disappeared, and we retired to repose.

I have often striven to think that in this circumstance there must have been some optical delusion; but the impression is too firmly fixed upon my mind to lead me to imagine there could be any deception; every particle of the apparition's dress, and every lineament of his countenance, I can distinctly recollect. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, his countenance was pale, and much wrinkled, and his head was rather inclined over his right shoulder; he was dressed in a black coat and waistcoat, kerseymere breeches, and dark coloured stockings, and his whole appearance indicated one who had declined into the vale of years in sorrow and poverty. What particularly struck me was, his eyes were fixed on me alone, and though I made frequent exclamations, he kept his position unmoved.

I am well aware that most of your readers will laugh at this relation, as there seems to be no end attained by the appearance of the apparition, yet I solemnly avow that what I have stated is true; and though the object I saw bore no resemblance to any person known to me who had died, I am confidently persuaded it was a supernatural being.

What could be the reason for this appearance of an apparition I am at a loss to imagine; to the best of my belief no friend or relation of mine died about that time, and no particular event followed its appearance. From this I could almost imagine I must have been deceived,

but still the appearance of the apparition was so palpable, the occurrences of that night are so fresh in the recollections of myself and my relative, and the consciousness I have that I was in good health, and in the possession of all my faculties at the time, militate strongly against this supposition; and from that time the recollection of the actual appearance of an apparition has haunted me, and will haunt me to the latest moment of my existence.

I have brought forward no preliminary matter in this communication, as I think facts are more wanted than arguments; and if you think proper to insert the above, I shall, in my next, bring forward a few more facts, which will prove, in my opinion, too stubborn to be overcome.

Manchester, May 23, 1826. J. H.

P. S. You are acquainted with my name; and should you wish the above account to be further authenticated, I will willingly furnish you with my address.

Scientific Records.

Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents;—to be continued in a series through the Volume.]

THE GREAT AMERICAN SEA SERPENT.

[*From the Liverpool Mercury.*]

That a race of prodigious animals has once existed on the earth, of which no living trace now remains, no one can entertain the slightest doubt. The relics of what are considered the mammoth, and of other huge quadrupeds, demonstrate a fact which is so notorious that it is altogether unnecessary now to enter upon the proof. To what cause the extinction of these animals is to be traced, is, however, by no means so obvious as the evidences of their former existence. The probability is, that, as they never were very numerous, the whole race may have become the victims to a deluge, earthquake, or some other great convulsion of nature. But although these enormous creatures are no longer to be found on the face of the earth, we have no sufficient reasons for concluding that the unexplored and unfathomable ocean does not contain monsters of equal or greater magnitude than those of whose former existence on the earth we have such ample proof. We are not in the habit of yielding too ready assent to the wonders related by travellers and naturalists; but scepticism as well as credulity may be carried to extremes. If men must believe nothing but what they see, or have seen, their knowledge would, indeed, be most scanty and imperfect.

In the pursuit of truth in the study of natural history, we ought to be guided by the same principles and feelings which actuate an honest jury, who maturely weigh and compare the conflicting or concurring testimony, the character of those who tender it, and the motives by which it is reasonable to presume them to be influenced. Taking this rule for our guide, we do not hesitate to express our belief in the present existence of some immense marine animal, resembling a serpent; as it is much more probable that "the deep unfathomed caves of ocean" may contain such monsters, than that many persons of respectable character, and with no adequate motive for descending to practise delusion, should concur in declaring that they have, at various times, and under various circumstances, seen what is called the Sea Serpent.

We have already observed, that we are not prone to yield too ready assent to the tales of travellers or historians; and as some criterion of the nature and capacity of our faith in such matters, we shall here state to our readers one or two historical prodigies which stagger our belief:

We do not believe that an enormous serpent disputed the passage of the River Bagrada with the entire army of Regulus, although Pliny assures us that he saw and measured the skin, after the animal had been at length overpowered by the arms and battering rams of the Roman army. Neither do we believe that a nation ever existed, whose ears were of such huge dimensions that they served them for blankets when they slept. This romance of the same Pliny we reject, as we do the stories of the *Anthropophagi*, and "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

We somewhat doubt whether Og, the King of Bashan, were really twenty-three thousand and thirty-three cubits in height, and we question whether this renowned giant ever did eat, at one meal, a huge behemoth, compared to which a whale is a mere sprat, and the leviathan a Manks herring.

From this it will appear that our credulity has its limits; and when we declare, therefore, as we now do, that we believe in the existence of what is called the Sea Serpent, we ought not to be told, in the common slang, that we can "swallow any thing."

The paragraph which follows on this subject is supplied by a scientific friend, but it so well accords with our own views of the subject, that we shall here incorporate it with our own commentary.

"The repeated notices of the appearance, on the eastern coasts of North America, of a large marine animal, of an attenuated form, to which the name of *Sea Serpent* has, perhaps improperly, been applied, has attracted less attention from naturalists than the evidence adduced to attest its existence appears to merit. The extravagance of some observers, and the natural proneness of ignorance to exaggerate what is obscure and uncommon, have produced scepticism on the subject, though the facts are attested by many witnesses of credit, heretofore unimpeached,—and though the remarkable animal which was stranded on the Orkney Islands, in September, 1808, and that seen in the preceding summer, among the Hebrides, by the Rev. Mr. M'Lean, render the American accounts of this monster of the deep exceedingly probable. Numerous points in natural history are decided on more slender evidence; and, for the benefit of such of our readers as are unacquainted with the two instances above alluded to, we propose, in a future number, to extract from the *Memoirs of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh* Dr. Barclay's interesting paper on the subject. In the one instance, the animal was seen alive at a little distance; in the other, its dead body was examined, and measured by several very intelligent farmers, whose evidence is appended to Dr. Barclay's paper. Sir E. Home rashly concluded that the Orkney animal was nothing more than a specimen of the *basking shark*; but, most unfortunately for his hypothesis, the individuals whom he charges with so gross an error as mistaking an animal of upwards of fifty-five feet in length for one which rarely attains to thirty feet, are very familiar with the basking shark, which is often captured among the Orkney Islands for the sake of the oil afforded by its liver. To complete his refutation, the head of the Orkney marine animal has since been deposited in the Museum of the University of Edinburgh; and, instead of measuring five feet in breadth (the width of the skull of a full-sized basking shark) it is not more than seven inches across its broadest part. Naturalists now, therefore, regard it as an animal of a species till then undescribed; and there is great reason to conclude that it is allied to the American Sea Serpent."

Having thus availed ourselves of the opinion of a gentleman every way competent to treat on such a subject, we shall proceed to lay before our readers an extract from a letter recently received from a particular and valued friend, formerly of this county, who now resides in the neighbourhood of New York.

We shall merely premise that we have omitted the name of the master of the American packet, because we did not deem ourselves warranted in publishing it without his consent, which we have had no opportunity of obtaining. All we feel at liberty to add on the subject is, that he is a gentleman very well known, and equally well respected by our townsmen; and that we implicitly believe his statement.

The letter of our friend, after entering upon a variety of subjects, proceeds thus:

"Prepare now to have your faith staggered. Captain ——, of the —— packet, has himself, with his own eyes, and with spy-glass, in completely smooth water, and at a very short distance, and for half an hour at a time, seen, and deliberately and carefully and anxiously examined the Sea Serpent, and has not a doubt of its existence. He was at the time in company with two old experienced whalers, as well qualified as any men in the world, he says, to judge on such a subject. They had no doubts whatever, nor any feelings but those of regret that they were not, at the moment, prepared with harpoons, &c. Captain —— describes the animal as being about as thick as a wine pipe, and about seventy yards long. You will think the Captain not less deserving of credit because he is not very fond of telling the story; for he is aware that a man's reputation for veracity is more injured by telling an improbable truth than a probable lie. He was vexed to see that his name was put in print, as one that could vouch for the fact of such an animal having been seen, because he knew the tale would not be believed; and he never mentioned the circumstance himself till I went to ask him about it, now two or three years ago. I told him then that I would set you upon him; but I forgot to do so. He yesterday repeated the tale to me, and I have no doubt will tell it to you, if you wait upon him; and I am mistaken if his manner will not make you believe not only in the honesty of his statement, but in the accuracy of his observation, and in the truth of the fact. When I went to ask him about it, two or three years ago, I suspected that the use of his name was only a part of the hoax: he was a good deal mortified that his name had been put in print about it. *C'est pourquoi*, you must on no account do it now on my authority: but see him yourself, and he will now probably consent to be quoted.

"*To Mr. Egerton Smith, Liverpool.*"

We shall conclude this hasty article by the following quotation from the greatest philosophical poet the world has produced:—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—*Shakspeare.*

ANECDOTE OF A DEAF AND DUMB GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Arrowsmith, a gentleman who had been born deaf and dumb, who was by profession a portrait painter, was some time since at Dublin, and he had occasion while there to visit a friend at Abaleese, where he arrived by the Cork mail about four o'clock in the afternoon. He did not expect to meet with any difficulty in finding his friend, who was well known in the place; he therefore immediately wrote on his slate "I want Mr. Gabriel," which he showed to the book-keeper at the coach-office, who read the name for Galbreth; and, knowing that Mr. Galbreth's family were expecting a stranger from Demerara, with the particulars of some property which had been left them there by a relation, the book-keeper mistook the deaf and dumb gentleman for a foreigner, and lost no time in introducing him to Mr. Galbreth's family, as a foreigner just arrived by the mail; and, as he had with him several stretching frames and some canvas covered with green baize, a box, and portmanteau, the book-keeper concluded that they contained the maps and plans of the estate; which the family of Galbreth readily believed; and the deaf and dumb gentleman was received with a hearty welcome. Still he was at a loss to account for not seeing his friend Gabriel; however, he sat himself down, and, seeing the family busy in preparing dinner for him, he at length ventured to write again on his slate, "I want Mr. Gabriel." But the family were so well satisfied that the book-keeper must be right, and as they would have it so, they were not disposed to send for Mr. Gabriel, who lived not ten yards from the house. Whilst the deaf and dumb gentleman was eating his dinner, the family thought they could get a neighbour who had been on the Continent, and who knew something of different languages, to make out what countryman their guest was, and thereby learn something about their property. Accordingly, they sent for the gentleman; and when he arrived, they expected every word would be understood. But the supposed foreigner was still silent. When every preparation had been made for the deaf and dumb gentleman to go to bed, he thought he would show them a silver medal, round the edge of which was engraved his name; and it was also stated that it was given to him for the best drawing of the academy figure; which being read by Mr. Galbreth in the hearing of his son, who happened to go to school with Mr. Gabriel's son, the boy said that he had been told by Mr. Gabriel's son that his father expected a gentleman at his house, who was an artist, deaf and dumb. They then sent for Mr. Gabriel, who immediately came, and the whole mystery was explained.

Poetry.

TO MY LYRE.

Come, I will take thee up again,
Though, o'er thy every string,
Memory, fell madder of the brain,
Should sweep her raven wing;
The ghost of happiness revive,
To bid me hence despair, yet live;
Ah, me! ah, me!
And weep life's weary hour away;
Ah, me! ah, me!

Come, though eternal silence had,
Methought, around thee clung;
Mute as the chambers of the dead,
Thy every note unstrung:
Though wild and mournful be the strain,
Yet will I take thee once again;
Ah, me! ah, me!
Bound as thou art in sorrow's chain;
Ah, me! ah, me!

Come, for thou hast a voice for me,
An influence not of earth;
Come, for a dazzling form I see,
A form of heavenly birth,—
And it bids to woo the Muse again,
Though sad and broken now the strain;
Ah, me! ah, me!
And Joy her farewell flight has ta'en;
Ah, me! ah, me!

Yes! shade of my departed love!
Dearer than aught that lives!
If yon ecstatic realm above
Homage from earth receives;
To all of purity allied,
Child of my heart, a mother's pride;
Ah, me! ah, me!
Seraph! accept the lay, though poor,
Bidden of thee.

Spirit adored! again the lyre
This trembling hand shall wake,
Though not a latent spark of fire
Through the chill'd embers break;
For round my heart a spell is wove,
Wrought by thy hands, my buried love;
Ah, me! ah, me!
And what its mastery shall dissolve?
Death! only thee.

Liverpool. G.

SIR BERTRAND,

A POEM, IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO FIRST.

Not a sound on the air, not a breath on the wave,
Not a leaf waves over the warrior's grave;
Not a cloud in the heaven to darken its hue,
That outshines the blaze of the sapphire's blue;
And the sun shines bright on the leaves and trees,
And the wild-birds wing on the mountain-breeze.

On the beetling cliff stands a castle tower,
Where the ivy clings, and the wild-wallflower
Blooms sweet in the hall; where laughter and glee
Once was loud in the sound of revelry.

And the castle frowns on the wave-worn steep,
That o'erlooks the wide and the trackless deep;
And the serfs are gone, and the vassal band
Have left that dark and desolate strand;
And the sentinel's step, and the warder's call,
Have pass'd away from that moss-grown hall:
And the ivy-crown'd tower and the column stone,
Are all that remains of its splendour and fame;
For its trophies and banners are long since gone,
And its records but live in history's name.

And where sparkled the wassailer's flowing bowl,
Is now filled by the bat and the midnight owl;
But who can tell of its owner's fate,
For its towers are rent and desolate?
Yet there is a tale of its might and power,
When its banners wav'd bright in the summer gale;
When a beacon-light shone from its highest tower,
O'er the ocean-wave.—'Tis a peasant's tale.

Sir Bertrand was lord of a wide domain,
That extended far over hill and plain;
His vassals were many, and great their might,
When he led them on for their honour's right.
He could boast of a high and mighty line,
Who had conquered the foe in Palestine;
And he, too, had led a warrior band,
'Gainst the infidel in the Holy Land;
He had won the crescent fair and bright,
And conquered many a gallant Knight;
He had foil'd the sword of the Baron bold,
With cuirass of steel and helmet of gold;
He had battled with heroes hand to hand,
And dimmed the sheene of his gory brand:
And he was return'd o'er the dark blue main,
To the hall of his fathers once again;
He had assembled his vassals all,
To come and join at the festival.

And there were Knights, whose noble forms
Had brav'd the battle's rudest storms;
Whose eyes declar'd, so wildly bright,
That they had oft, at evening hour,
When stars have gem'd the robe of night,
Told tales of love in ladies' bower;
And their plumes wav'd bright as they paced along,
'Mid the joyous laugh and the minstrel's song.

And they were there,
The young and fair,
Earth's loveliest daughters, soft and bright,
With cheeks of rose and eyes of light,
And sunny smiles that gladness flung,
Like the silver tones of their witching tongue:
And gems and gold shone in the lamps bright blaze,
Flashing back their thousand brilliant rays;
And the rubies rich, and the diamonds rare,
Were now hid and now seen in their floating hair.

Sir Bertrand was seen amidst the throng,
As he moved in the light of beauty and song;
His white plumes waved with a joyous flow,
And gladness was on his cheek and brow.

For a moment, still was the marble hall,
Ere began the dance for the festival;
The waters gushed from a fountain spring,
And coolness around the hall did fling;
The breeze came in from the lattice old,
And waved the screens in many a fold;
And perfume and odorous waters were flung
On the tapestry that around was hung;
Rich vases in order around were set,
And in goblets sparkled the cool sherbet;
Fair flowers were there from a foreign land,
That were cull'd and wreath'd by as fair a hand.

The revellers entered, a joyous throng,
With hearts as light as the sunshine of song;
Yet there was one with a heavy heart,
For she could not bid Love's spell depart,
The throb of suspense was over her brain,
And her heart was sad with a silent pain,
And she stood apart from the rest, like one
Too lovely and bright to be gazed upon.
Her ringlets waved round a neck like snow,
But her heart throbbed deep in her bosom below;
A soft smile played o'er her lovely face,
But sadness and sorrow you there might trace,

She had watched the look of Sir Bertrand bold,
And thought that his mien and gaze were cold;
She had seen him oft, when his smile was warm,
And his glorious eye had a spell and a charm;
But now he was cool and reserved; his eye
As it wandered around still passed her by.
He approached, and her eye caught his falcon glance,
And he claimed her hand to lead the dance:
She had heard him often her name repeat,
But he never had whispered it half so sweet.

The twinkling feet so small and light,
Moved fairy-like as they glanced along,
And rubies shone with a brilliance bright,
'Mid the flowers which were wreathed their hair among.

And proudly waved Sir Bertrand's plume
O'er his brow of gladness and cheek of bloom;
And gaily and light with Ida's hand,
He danced the sprightly saraband.

END OF CANTO I.

Manchester. W. R.

[INSERTED BY PARTICULAR DESIRE.]

HYMN,

By an American Seaman, written and sung in the Mariner's Church, New York.

O Thou who rul'st the stormy steep,
And bidst the billows rise;
By whose command the heaving deep
Near meets the lofty skies;
By thy good will our trusty bark
Rides o'er the stormy wave;
Thy boundless blessings, Lord, we mark,
And trust in Thee to save.
Throughout the voyage of life do Thou
Thy boundless mercies send;
In Thee we trust, to Thee we bow,
The seaman's God and friend.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.	Thermometer 8 morning	Thermometer noon.	Extreme during Night.	State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
May						
17	29 95	55½ 0	60 0	50 0	N.W.	Fair.
18	29 90	59 0	61½ 0	51 0	N.W.	Fair.
19	29 64	59½ 0	64½ 0	51½ 0	S.E.	Fair.
20	29 63	58 0	64 0	53 0	E.	Fair.
21	29 93	57 0	62½ 0	54 0	N.W.	Fair.
22	29 95	59 0	64½ 0	56 0	N.W.	Fair.
23	29 87	60 0	65½ 0	47½ 0	S.S.W.	Fair.

17th, Rain during night.—19th, Seven, p.m. thermometer 67.

Pneumatic Engine.—Lately, the application of Mr. Browne's newly-invented pneumatic engine for propelling a carriage against the ascent of a sharp acclivity, was successfully tried upon the steepest part of Shooter's-hill. The place chosen for this trial, was where the ascent gains 13½ inches in 12 feet, and where the sandy surface of the newly made road, by affording a yielding and clogging bed for coach wheels, presented every obstacle to the success of such an experiment. Notwithstanding these local disadvantages, Mr. Browne's engine, which was constructed upon a four-wheeled body, steadily conquered the ascent, and established its extraordinary power to move onwards against the impediment of a precipitous surface. Its power of motion upon a level plain was never denied, but until this experiment demonstrated the fact, many contended that it could not surmount perpendicular resistance. We could not learn exactly the weight of the machine, but as it ascended the hill, seven persons sat on the shafts, without making, by their incumbrance, any perceptible alteration in its motion. Some sailors,

who were accidentally passing at the time, surrounded the engine, and expressed their amazement at its self-impelling power; and, being better adepts in the production of fun than of machinery, they placed a young chimney-sweeper, who was caught on the spot, upon the board corresponding with the coach-box, and conferred upon the urchin the honour (which, in the dark ages, would have devoted his bones to the flames instead of the chimney) of being the first conductor of a heavily-laden vehicle up Shooter's-hill, without the agency of horses. The power, which is capable of practical application by the principle of this engine, appears very considerable; and its steady *momentum*, at the very instant of starting, showed the certainty of its action. The steam-engine can only be applied to aid mechanical power upon a slightly inclined plane, and with the aid of of a rail-road; while this pneumatic invention works at once upon such a road as we have described, notwithstanding the roughest impediments. There appears to be one important advantage which the principle of this engine has over any other that science has hitherto supplied for practical purposes of the same nature. The occurrence of accident cannot possibly be attended with danger. The force of a steam-engine necessarily depending upon its expansive properties, is capable of producing considerable mischief in the event of any untoward explosion; but the pneumatic engine, deriving its power from the atmospheric air, only exposes the cylinder, under any circumstances, to the pressure of its action externally. The cylinder, from any weakness of the material, or inequality in its circumference, might have its surface bulged inwards from the external atmospheric pressure, or become squeezed into a shapeless tube, but there cannot be any explosion, or scattering expulsion of its fractured parts. The experiment to a mere observer was certainly curious and satisfactory; and so far as the power of ascent was involved, was clearly demonstrated. It is for scientific persons, who have leisure for these pursuits, to estimate and assign the degree of merit of the inventor.—*Morning paper.*

Literature.

REVIEW OF WOODSTOCK.

There is much spirit and originality in the following brief commentary on *Woodstock*, which we copy from the *Dissenters' Gazette*:—

The author of this interminable series of novels has evinced not a little of that species of literary skill, which well knows how to turn the popular voice and public taste to its own advantage; for what other advantage either has resulted, or is ever likely to result, from this mass of composition it would be difficult to determine. It is evident that he both courts the favouring gale, and adapts his steerage to the eddying current of popularity; and that his motto long has been the well-known lines of Shakspeare: "There is a tide in the affairs of men," &c. The mention of Shakspeare, however, reminds us of the silly conceit which has long become current in *Modern Athens*, that the author of these novels is second to Shakspeare, and that neither modern nor ancient times have produced any individual so worthy of ranking beside the great poet of nature. In various shapes and forms we have noticed this childish boast of these ambitious literati of the North, who would fain persuade themselves (for they certainly have not persuaded any one else) that they are at this moment giving law and taste to the British Republic of letters, and it reminds us of the man who said of another rival of Shakspeare to a friend,—"Sir, he will be remembered when Shakspeare is forgotten."—"Yes," said his friend,—"and *not till then.*" But we have neither undertaken to examine this laborious writer's genius, nor to give a criticism on his works. *Woodstock* is before us. We think all the series of an anti-religious tendency—and this is as bad as any of its predecessors. The levity and buffoonery with which the author assails the memory of most of the best men both England and Scotland ever knew, more than countervails all the skill of his pencil, the *naiveté* of his colouring, and the taste of his grouping. It is impossible for a truly pious man to read several of the series without being pained at the utter destitution of all sympathy, which the author manifests, in some of the noblest struggles Scotchmen and Englishmen ever made. The fascinations of genius ought not to be a passport to libels on the glory of our species, nor a cover to that spirit of infidelity which is the more deadly from its concealment, and the more seductive from its verisimilitude. We are, indeed, disposed to quote the memorable words of Mr. Irving, addressed to his native land upon this very subject. "O ye people of my native land! who heretofore were the pride of all the earth; into what a dead sleep have you fallen, and to what poisonous works of the mind you give birth! You are entertained with one who ransacks the hallowed tombs of your martyrs, and makes himself merry with their remains; *murdering them over again for a piece of money.*"

Woodstock, we think, will be admitted to be a *grievous falling off*; and happy shall we be to find that these caricatures of eminent persons and times are losing their influence with the better part of the public. This mixture of fact and fable—this unhallowed liberty taken with some of the most important and awful conjunctures of human affairs—is to turn history into a play, and the providence of God into a jest-book. The execution altogether of *Woodstock* is vastly inferior to that of most of its predecessors.

SPECIMEN OF THE NEW WORK

THE BOYNE WATER,

A TALE BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

Evelyn, the hero of the novel, and Walker, the hero-bishop of Derry, form a deputation from Ireland, to William, then holding his court at Kensington, and are conducted to court by Burnet, the celebrated Bishop of Salisbury.

At an explanation given by the Bishop of Salisbury, our party were permitted to pass through the ante-room into the chamber of audience. The first figures which, even here, struck the eye, were some of the highest in rank of the Dutch officers, still smoking, and not unfrequently withdrawing their pipes from their lips, to inflict upon the Turkey-carpet that indignity, for the committing of which Chesterfield has since averred he always found in his heart to knock a man down. Through volumes of smoke appeared, at the end of the chamber next the ante-room, considerable groups of sage and serious persons, cabinet ministers, parliamentary deputies, law officers, church dignitaries, and some noble dames; all waiting to render accounts of certain commissions, or to present addresses, or to proffer humble suits to the ear of royalty; and all evincing some disgust, the ladies especially, of the Dutch atmosphere they were constrained to breathe on English ground, and some impatience of the length of time they were waiting. In illustration of the latter feeling, every eye was fixed upon a tapestried arras, which, with a division in the middle, fell over a small closet-door at one side of the remote end wall of the apartment.—Disagreeable silence prevailed; the Dutch general officers spoke not a word, even to each other; greetings were exchanged in dumb show between the English portion of the levee, or a cautious whisper alone could be heard. And thus nearly an hour passed, since the admission of Evelyn and his friends, when the tedium was at length relieved by the quick opening of the door which communicated with the ante-room, and the as quick entrance of a remarkable little man, on whom every glance immediately fixed, for whom every one made way, and who, in Evelyn's mind, if not the king, must be a personage of nearly equal importance and interest.

Joined to a low, slight, but agile and graceful figure, he had that kind of sallow, broad-boned, hollow-cheeked visage, with a cocked nose, sharp chin, and lively gray eyes, which English children, grown ones too, who have not yet seen a French town, and above all, a French regiment, assume to themselves as the authentic abstract of Gallic faces in general.

"The prime favourite," whispered Mr. Walker to Evelyn, as this individual smirkingly returned the many salutations he met on his way through the courtly crowd, "Monsieur Bentinck, now my Lord Portland, first commissioner on the privy list, and groom of the stole and privy purse."

At another step the envied and then only confidant of William III. stood by the Bishop of Salisbury, earnestly grasping his hands, while they spoke very seriously and secretly on some matter of, apparently, importance, and perhaps alarm. Ere Bentinck parted from his Right Reverend Friend, a few sentences became audible.

"You will then break the news, to-day, my Lord?" asked Burnet.

"Oui, Monseigneur, il est nécessaire."

"But does not your Lordship think, that, as the first detector of this affair, I—"

"Certainement, mais oui, Monseigneur, dat is, when his Majésté shall know—voyez-vous?" and away he glided towards the far end of the apartment, leaving the dignitary in a seeming quandary, and bowing at either side to the Dutch officers, who, without moving their pipes or their limbs, just eyed him in his passage along, as a mastiff eyes the kind of major-domo trotting about the house of a little pig-tailed pug, whom his master's will has taught him to tolerate, without loving or respecting. The favourite disappeared behind the arras of the closet-door; and thither every eye was again directed, while profound silence re-assumed its reign in the audience chamber. Nearly another hour elapsed: at length the arras once more rustled—Bentinck issued through it, gave a sign to those in attendance, and took his place at the side of the little door, standing erect and motionless, except that with one arm he held the tapestry apart. Courtiers, dignitaries, suitors, all assumed attitudes of attention; and even the Dutch officers slowly withdrew their meerschaum from their lips, and their arms clanging, got upright upon their legs, and seemed a little interested.

Presently appeared William and Mary. The Queen first emerged from the closet, the arm of her royal partner drawn through hers, as if reversing the usage between the sexes, she had led him, against his will, from the recesses of his sullen privacy. She was fully as tall, and looked taller than the king; her person almost twice as big and seeming more so on account of the unshaped, flowing abundance of her costume, every shred of which seemed ready to fall off; her features were fine, but large, masculine, and haughty; and the up-turned, high-piled fashion of her dark hair, confirmed them in this bold character. William's slight, almost emaciated figure, clad in the heavy horseman's boots, loose, broad-skirted coat, and long-flapped vest, which he generally wore in readiness for the hunting-field or the review-ground, appeared to little advantage by the side of a lady so handsome, so proud, and so commanding; while his thin, dragged, copper-features, exhibiting a discontent that might be construed into sneer and misanthropy, (but that was, perhaps, as much the result of the peevishness inseparable from continued bad health) were nearly lost in the huge periwig that fashion then inflicted on the heads of its votaries.

Having stept one step into the audience, and cast one keen glance around, the King, as if instinctively, drew back again, evidently disinclined to encounter the multifarious business that an assemblage so numerous seemed to portend; his manner indicating a mixed shyness and self-importance, such as an idle and overgrown schoolboy might evince on being called on to take his turn in exhibiting before a Christmas company. Queen Mary whispered, however, a few earnest words that had the effect of controlling this movement, and then, after some further short discourse with her royal partner, spoke aloud, in a full, imposing voice:

"His Majesty is unusually indisposed, and disinclined to much business to-day, my Lords and Gentlemen; yet will endeavour a word, in turn, with my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, my Lord Chief Justice, the Marquis of Cærmarthen, my Lord Shrewsbury, and one of the Irish deputation."

Burnet, the Law Lord, and the Privy Councillors accordingly detached themselves from the far groups; and Walker, answering to the last invitation, also advanced a step, when William, as if his quick eye had caught the movement, half turned on his heel, and addressed a word to the ear of his Queen, who immediately added,

"His Majesty will hear, in preference to the others of the deputation from Ireland, brief speech from the officer who comes especially accredited by letters from Duke Schomberg: Captain Evelyn, belike."

Walker bit his lip, and stept back; Evelyn bowed low, and walked forward.

"So, Sir John Holt," he heard William say, abruptly, to the Chief Justice, as he came near the private group—(William spoke English distinctly, it having been almost his domestic language, and that by which his mother, Mary of England, had conveyed to him the scanty education he could boast:)—"So, Sir John Holt, you have outlived, I believe, all the great lawyers of your day."

"I had nearly outlived the law, but for your Majesty," replied Sir John, elegantly folling the gratuitous rudeness.

"Humph," turning aside with an air that all knew betokened an end to further conference with the Chief Justice; "so Bishop of Salisbury."

"Touching your Majesty's mature consideration of—" Burnet began; the Queen interrupted him.

"The Bishop hopes your Majesty has come to a conclusion on the good measure we last discussed on this morning."

"The conclusion and the answer have before been rendered, Madam," said William, coldly—"I am no persecutor, in the name of God; let the matter end. So," turning, just as coldly to Evelyn—"you be the Irish Captain, Schomberg mentions?" Evelyn bowed.

"Get you before the Parliament, Sir, you and your fellows; it is time we were freed from their addresses, by

your evidence; what know we of the Irish failures? and yet they press us, day after day, for an explanation.—Why did he not fight, Sir?—no matter, reserve an answer for the Parliament, I say. Now, my Lord Shrewsbury—" again turning aside—" you can tell, in a word, how they at length agree to settle the revenue; for life, my Lord?"

" I grieve to say but for a year, may it please your Majesty."

" And this their final resolve?—Insolents!—they will leave us but the shadow of power—a pageant title, and no more—what of the Indemnity Bill, my Lord?"

" Still warmly disputed, your Highness."

" And the comprehension lost, too?"

" *Nomulus leges Angliæ mutari*, is the decision of your Majesty's Commissioners, quoted from a well-known source;" answered Shrewsbury.

" Fools—they were not asked to change the laws of England—bigots!" he added, inaudibly, as if about to re-enter his closet, leaving his Queen behind him.

" Will it please your Majesty," said the Marquis of Cærmarthen, following him, " to consider the proposals of the Tory noblemen and gentlemen, in all things to study your Highness's pleasure, provided—"

" Provided I come to open rupture with my insolent Whig parliament, and give them a petty triumph over their petty enemies," interrupted William; " goes it not so, my Lord Marquis? I appeal to God to witness, that never was Prince so beset by an ungrateful and fickle people, Whig and Tory, Tory and Whig, nonjurors: and, look ye, my Lords, I can trust your Tory no more than your Whig. I love not either; I fear both: both have insulted my crown, and embittered my existence. And look ye again: my resolution, long discussed, is at last taken; our convoy is ready. Bentinck, see that saddles are also ready by the morning. I leave them all to the turbulence they live by. I will seek my native court and my faithful and tranquil Hollanders,"—glancing at the row of motionless officers, whose lethargic air seemed the very pride of his eye, at the same time that it was the jet of the argument. " I will have rest, and friends about me, peace and allegiance; and let your English Mary stay behind to rule ye. She understands it: as God heareth me I do not; and, on the same appeal do I declare—"

" My gracious Sire," interrupted Shrewsbury, dropping on his knee, while his eyes glistened, " desert not the people you have saved; the good work you have so well begun."

" Save us from ourselves," said Cærmarthen, also kneeling, and much affected, or seeming so; " from a renewal of the peril in which you found us."

" From a return of Popery," cried Burnet.

" This is the time for one hint," whispered Bentinck to the prostrate Bishop; " it will rouse him."

" From present and absolute treason!" continued Burnet, in a low voice, understanding the favourite, " from the effects of a plot this moment carried on against your Majesty's crown!" William started, reddened, his slight figure became erect and stern, his eye kindled up, and he turned fully round.

" What say you, my Lords? a plot so soon!"

" *Arrêtez-vous!*" here cried Bentinck, from the side of the door, as he frowningly fixed his glance on some person who endeavoured to approach, unbidden, the remote and private group, often interrupted by the crowd through which he struggled. At the same moment the watchful favourite darted along the spacious apartment, and seized the arm, just as the figure was about to become again lost in the throng, of a young man in a foreign dress. Evelyn's heart jumped to his throat: it was (though the face remained hidden) it was the individual he had seen in the gardens.

This incident directed the keenest attention of all. The Nobleman and Bishop arose; the King again stept back, and followed with his eye the motions of Bentinck; the Queen, sailing to him like a ruffled swan, once more took his arm. But no cause for alarm at first appeared. Bentinck was only seen to take a paper from the stripling's hand, and then heard to say—" present it myself? *ma foi!* I shall know my duties better—*quelle folie!*"

" Present it, at the instant, whatever it may import," cried the Queen, in some misgiving; " shall he not, my Liege?"

William nodded, coldly. Bentinck gave a folded letter.

" It purports," said the King, after he had glanced over it, " to be a credential, in the youth's favour, from a well-known hand; but,"—after another pause,—" seize the bearer! it is a forgery."

The Dutch officers at last got into motion. The groups at the remote end of the room appeared first disturbed, and then astonished; and it was finally reported that the young stranger had escaped from the room, and down stairs, through all the guards, out of the palace.

" Pursue him!" cried the Queen, in a voice of thunder.

" Belike you say true, my Lords," resumed William, now relapsed into his usual coldness, and in remark upon some closely-whispered information conveyed by Burnet and Bentinck, " belike there is a plot, and that this very youth makes part of it. To our closet, Madam. Follow us, Bishop of Salisbury."

Bentinck, unbidden, as included in the invitation.

" Sir James Montgomery, you say, one of the very compassers of the revolution?" asked Mary, as soon as they had entered the closet.

" The same, your Highness; and by his brother did I, with some prudence, discover it."

" But Monsieur Nevil Payne is de head of all," observed Portland, " as I found out by bribing one to be my spy on him."

" Montgomery's brother hath assured *me*—and, craving pardon of my Lord Portland, I believe I know most of this matter—hath assured *me* that a treaty with James has absolutely been signed by the whole cabal, English and Scotch, as they are."

" By my Lords Ross, Annandale, and Nottingham, as I can proof," continued the zealous favourite.

" By my Lords Clarendon, Yarmouth, Newberry, Griffin, Castlemain, and many other lords and gentlemen in England," continued the as zealous Bishop.

" And Hume, Argyle, Breadalbane, and others, too, in Scotland," interrupted Bentinck.

" Are the proofs yet plain?" asked William.

" We hope soon to have them so," answered the Bishop and favourite in a breath.

" When they are," resumed William, " let us talk more about it. For the present, this matter alters our plan of going immediately to Holland. We might fly from fools—not from foes; from disquietude—not danger. Now shall the Irish war soon receive, indeed, our personal care; and I shall go to Ireland, my Lord Bishop, with a lighter heart; for," repeating an expression he had often used, " I believe I better know how to engage in a campaign than to govern England."

The Traveller.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.—No. XIII.

(From the Leeds Mercury.)

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS—VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT —VISIT TO POMPEII.

DEAR ——, *Naples, Dec. 16, 1825.*

The ascent of Vesuvius is a subject so interesting, that, though you may have read many accounts of it, I believe you will not be displeased to read another, especially as the ever-changing form and circumstances of the mountain enable me to add a few particulars to those you already know. This famous volcanic hill, though as high as any mountain in England, and not more than six miles distant from Naples, does not appear from that city to be of extraordinary size or elevation; the reason of which I believe to be, that its base spreads out to a very great extent, which of course detracts from its apparent loftiness. The slope upwards is at first very gradual, but afterwards becomes rapid, and is nearly the same on every side, so that the form of the mountain may be called regular and handsome. The appearance of the summit is very striking; it is divided into two parts, one of which, called the Somma, is a relic of the ancient crater, and its shattered ridges rise at a considerable distance from the present crater, which opens out of a vast and steep cone, whose top has been destroyed by the last eruption, and now presents a yawning chasm four miles and a half in circumference. The earliest eruption recorded, as well as the most tremendous, was that in the year 79 of the Christian era, when the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ were overwhelmed, and when the elder Pliny lost his life. The most destructive eruption of modern times was that of 1794, when the town of Torre del Greco, which had a population of eighteen thousand souls, was buried beneath a torrent of lava. The last eruption was in 1822, and the appearance was very alarming, as two vast streams of liquid fire issued from the mountain, but they happily took a direction in which they were nearly harmless: the convulsion was awful, as you may suppose from the fact, that the cone before this eruption was eight hundred feet higher than at present. The elevation of the mountain at this time is 3481 feet; in 1822 it was 4300; and in 1794 it was no less than 5011 feet; showing an extraordinary change in its form and dimensions. The crater is never entirely free from smoke, but there has been very little for the last three years till within six weeks of the present time, when it became rather more abundant. This may be accounted for perhaps by the rain and wind which have prevailed here lately, and which always produce an additional quantity of smoke on the mountain.

We left Naples to ascend Vesuvius on a tolerably fine morning, after the prevalence of a violent south wind called here the *Sirocco*, accompanied by rain. In less than an hour we reached Resina, a village adjoining Portici, at the foot of the hill, and, after penetrating through a swarm of importunate muleteers and still more importunate beggars, we reached the house of Salvadore, the best cicerone for Vesuvius. My friend, who has the advantage of twice my experience, mounted a stout jack-ass; the guide and I marched on foot, and we took with us a stock of eatables—never unwelcome in climbing a mountain. Salvadore proved an excellent cicerone, well versed in the history and mineralogy of the place, intelligent and communicative. Every thing we saw from the time of arriving at Portici bore marks of volcanic agency. The houses are low and flat-roofed, and the roofs have been cracked by earthquakes; the villages of Portici and Resina are founded upon, and in a considerable measure built with, lava; the road up the mountain is covered with rough scoria, or scum, of lava; the walls of the vineyards are made of the same material; and after passing through a vast tract where the vines grow on a very indifferent soil, we come to the vast beds of black and rugged lava, which have from time to time crusted the whole circumference of the mountain. These tracts are hideously desolate and barren, exactly resembling fields of coke and cinders, and no vegetation has appeared even of the lava of 1766, except a slight covering of moss: on the stream of 1810 there is a yet thinner beard, and that of 1822 remains perfectly sterile. At each eruption three kinds of lava issue forth, the lowest stratum of a smooth and close texture, the second more open, and the uppermost a scum floating on the others: occasionally also streams of light-coloured mud, which hardens into a stone called *tufo*, flow out, and it was by this substance that Herculaneum was overwhelmed: the materials thrown out into the air are pumice stones, blocks of granite, lumps of hard lava, and ashes of nearly every size and quality.

The ascent of the hill is steep, and is for the most part along a ridge formed by the lava of the great eruption in 79 A. D. though it occasionally crosses the recent lava. We were an hour and a half in ascending to the hermitage, where dwell two hermits who supply travellers with provisions; but, as we were already provided, we did not rest with them. We then walked for another half hour over a tract comparatively level, which forms the base for the great cone. This cone, when seen near, exactly resembles, except in size, the hills of cinders and small coal often seen heaped round the mouth of coal-pits, and in ironworks: it is equally steep, and almost equally difficult of ascent. The streams of lava at the foot were at this time smoking in many places, from the effect of the recent wind and rain, and their appearance and sulphurous smell reminded me of Milton's description:—

> " Yon dreary plain forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation."
>
> " If it were land that ever burned
> With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
> And such appeared in hue, as when the force
> Of subterranean wind transports a hill
> Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
> Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
> And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
> Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
> And leave a singed bottom all involved
> With stench and smoke."

At the foot of the cone my companion relinquished his beast, but not his bridle, the latter being transferred from the ass to the guide, who fastened one end round his body, and, giving the other to my friend, half pulled him up the steep and slippery ascent. I led the way, and, as the stones and ashes continually sunk under my feet, I was half an hour in ascending the cone, which I afterwards ran down in four minutes. Arrived at the summit, I found myself upon the narrow brink of a gulf, gloomy as Tartarus, for the crater was at that moment filled with smoke, which hid every thing from me except the precipice on which I stood. Leaning on a block of granite which overhangs the side, I watched the smoke gradually disperse as it was driven by the wind; soon the bottom of the gulf became visible, when the smoke was seen issuing in small quantities from ten or twelve different places, several of which were yellow with sulphur: in a minute afterwards the whole crater was cleared, and I saw its blasted and precipitous sides, bearing marks of the constant action of fire, and the continual giving way of the edges. Before my friend arrived, the smoke had again

accumulated, but it soon dispersed, and during the greater part of the time that we remained on the summit, we saw the crater distinctly. The collection and dispersion of the smoke, and its rolling in volumes round the abyss, made the scene more picturesque and impressive; nor was the odour very strong, for the greater part of the smoke issued not from the bottom, but from the sides, and was, perhaps, rather the effect of the rain on the hot ashes, than the regular sulphurous emission. Though the crater is four miles and a half in circumference at the top, and two thousand feet deep from the highest point, it appears little larger than a considerable quarry—so easily is the eye deceived by its simple form and bold masses. The bottom is strewn with loose stones and ashes; and the sides are so precipitous, that they can only be descended by persons secured by ropes. Four Englishmen undertook the perilous descent a few months ago, accompanied by Salvadore, who told us that nothing was to be seen below which might not be seen equally well from above. Whilst we were observing the crater, our guide was baking several eggs and toasting slices of bread, which he did by putting them into a small crevice, the volcanic heat of which was so great that we could not bear our hands in it for an instant. There were several of these crevices, and when we sat near the largest, which communicates with the principal crater, we heard a noise as of the distant raging of flames and roaring of waves. It needed little exercise of the imagination to distinguish in the awful sounds what the poet has specified:—

"Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sæva sonare
Verbera: tum stridor ferri, tractæque catenæ."*

Occasionally we were startled by nearer and much louder sounds, arising from the fall of masses of earth from the sides into the bottom of the crater; the noise exactly resembles that of the fall of an avalanche.

Turning round on the brink of the gulf, the eye is instantly transferred from these awful objects to a scene combining natural beauty and classic interest in a degree which scarcely any other view in the world can equal. Naples, with its splendid bay; the wide and varied expanse of Campania Felice; the hills stretching northward to Gaeta and the Circæan promontory, and southward to Salerno; the fine islands at the mouth of the gulf; and the vast sweep of the Mediterranean, bounded only by the horizon;—such are the great features of this sublime prospect, which merit a somewhat more detailed notice. Looking westward, the bay of Naples, allowed to be one of the most beautiful in the world, presents its finely curved shores, swelling into mountains, and lined round their whole circumference with towns and villages of the most lively aspect. The breadth of the gulf from north to south is about fifteen miles, and its depth, running inwards from the islands of Ischia and Capri is upwards of thirty. The city of Naples, reclined on the side of two or three conical hills to the north of the bay, is, from its extent, the whiteness of its houses, and the conspicuousness of some of its buildings, a handsome object, and it is crowned by Fort St. Elmo, on the height, as well as defended by a strong castle built on the extremity of a pier, near the entrance of the harbour. Beyond the city, and along the northern shore, are seen the ancient grotto of Posilipo and the town and suburb of the same name, with the tomb of Virgil standing alone on the hill side. Still further opens the smaller bay of Puzzuoli, of a beautiful form, with the island of Nisita at its mouth, and two extinct volcanoes on its shores;—the town of Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, standing on a promontory, facing Baiæ, whose classical shores are covered with temples and ruined villas, and defended by a lofty fortress;—the bay of Baiæ, the present harbour for large ships in tempestuous weather,—the bold Cape of Misenum, with the harbour of the same name, where the fleets of the ancient Romans used to lie, and where they were stationed when the elder Pliny, who held the command, quitted them to observe more nearly the great eruption of Vesuvius—and, terminating the view in this direction, the beautiful mountains of Ischia. Opposite to Ischia, and at the south western extremity of the bay, are the abrupt shores of Capri, celebrated as the residence of the odious tyrant Tiberius: returning inland the eye surveys the mountainous range of St. Angelo, one part of which is considerably higher than Vesuvius, with Sorrento, Castel-a-mare, and other towns at its foot. Beneath the last-mentioned place is the buried town of Stabiæ, where the elder Pliny lost his life from the eruption of Vesuvius; nearer still to the mountain are the lately uncovered remains of the city of Pompeii, overwhelmed by the same convulsion of nature; Torre del Greco stands immediately at the foot of the hill; and Herculaneum, lying ninety feet beneath Portici and Resina, is a little further to the north. In the Campanian plain are seen Caserta, at the distance of sixteen miles, where is the royal palace, the largest in Europe, with the town of Capua, where Hannibal's army lost its virtue in luxury and indolence. Spot the land with villages and the gulf with sails, draw over the whole view a canopy of the deepest azure, and you may form some idea how charming is that region, which the terrible mountain I stand upon so often deluges with fire, and rends with earthquakes.

After remaining an hour and a quarter on the summit, we descended the mountain, which occupied about an hour and forty minutes. The excursion afforded us very high gratification, and was attended with trifling fatigue.

The discovery of the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii towards the middle of the last century opened a field of immense extent to antiquarian research: those cities have already yielded invaluable treasures, and, to a government of any energy, and not paralyzed with debt, they would still afford daily accessions of the most curious and interesting objects. It is many years since the excavations in Herculaneum have been discontinued from want of pecuniary means to prosecute them. At Pompeii operations are still going on, but not more than a score of men at the utmost are employed there, and they proceed with extreme slowness, seeming to think it a fine thing if they disentomb a house or two in a year. It is impossible, I think, to find, in the world, any antiquarian object comparable in interest to the city of Pompeii: so complete and so admirable an illustration does it afford of the manners and customs of the ancients, as displayed in their habitations all stocked with domestic furniture, in their pictures, in their temples, theatres, baths, forums, shops, manufactories, and tombs, that I suspect many an antiquary has rejoiced in his heart at the catastrophe which overwhelmed it, and which thus preserved, beyond the power of Egyptian embalming, the "very form and feature of the age," for the contemplation of distant posterity. Here there is no mixture of ancient and modern, no confusion of styles, no doubt as to the genuineness of any object; you walk through the streets, and are confident that here, on this very Appian road, between these very houses, shops, and temples, looking on these very signs and inscriptions, and visiting in these very habitations their friends and countrymen, were many of the most illustrious men of antiquity; Cicero and Cæsar, Brutus and Lucullus, Horace and Virgil, Mæcenas and Pliny,—for they had all villas almost within sight of the city. Pompeii does not, indeed, remain in the state in which it was found, the moveable contents of the houses and temples having been transferred to the museums of Naples and Portici, where they are not only safer, but where they can be more deliberately inspected; but the skeleton of the town remains, and when you go over it, the guide points out the situations of all the principal objects which have been removed, so as to give you a lively idea of the furnished and inhabited city. "Here," you are informed, "was the villa of Diomedes, which affords a complete specimen of the habitation of a wealthy Roman; this was the portico, this the entrance hall, this the quadrangle, round which was an arcade supported by columns, and into which opened all the principal rooms; this was the bath, this the dressing-room, this the stove; here was the dining-room and here the sleeping apartments; down this coridor you find the kitchen, along that you proceed to the garden, in the midst of which is the fish-pond, and at one end a pillared portico; underneath the garden, in these long arched cellars, the *amphoræ* are ranged against the walls, but instead of wine, they are now filled with ashes; in this subterranean vault was found the skull of the unfortunate lady of the mansion, and the impression of her body in the mud and ashes which deluged even this retreat; her ornaments of gold lay at her feet, and no less than seventeen skeletons were discovered near her; in that other apartment was found her husband, grasping in one hand a key and in the other a quantity of gold coins; his servants were also near him; observe the fresco paintings on these walls, representing subjects of heathen mythology or of poetry; do not doubt that we are right in assigning these uses to the respective apartments, or this name to the owner, for you may read his name inscribed on the door, and in the museum of Naples you may see the culinary utensils found in the kitchen, the lamps in the hall, the grate taken out of the stove, the instruments for scraping the body in the bath, the apparatus of the lady's toilet—her rings, bracelets, hair-skewers and mirrors of polished metal, discovered in her chamber. Quitting this interesting villa, which was out of the walls of the city, you must pass those rows of tombs and monuments, where are the niches for the cinerary urns. Approach the city gate, and observe the walls, which are three miles and a half in circumference. Enter—do you not doubt, amidst all these symptoms of life and activity, whether the city be actually dead?—at least does it not resemble a body from which the soul has only just departed, and where corruption has not yet begun? Observe that posting-house, where were found several appendages of horses; look at this baker's oven, with his mill; it exactly resembles those now in use at Naples; and the pans, the measures, the corn, and the bread may be seen in the museum: here was an oil-shop, here a wine merchant's, here a custom-house, whence were taken weights and measures, balances and steelyards, flasks and stills: observe the sign of Esculapius, which indicates the residence of a surgeon, where were found a complete assortment of chirurgical instruments, with drugs and bottles. Now leave the Appian way, which though only about four yards in width, was spacious enough for the small cars of the ancients, whose wheel-marks may be traced on the massive pavement; turn into this still narrower street, and see the large space where the washerwomen cleansed their linen in public, as they do still in many towns of Italy and Switzerland. Then advance towards that spacious Forum, remark its columns of marble, the pedestals for statues, with their inscriptions; it is surrounded by the temples of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury, and by a grand basilica or court of justice; the statues, the tripods, the altars, the incense dishes, and the ensigns of magistracy have been removed to Naples. Further on you see the ground-plan of a circular temple, called the Pantheon, which seems to have been once destroyed by an earthquake, and to be in the course of re-erection; several other temples are found in the same state, and it cannot be doubted that they had been destroyed by the earthquake which is recorded to have done much damage here in the year 63 A.D. Enter next the tragic and comic theatres; observe their semi-circular form, their ranges of seats rising from the ground to the top of the building, the seats of the pro-consul, the senators, the knights, the plebeians, and the women; remark the orchestra, the stage, the proscenium, and postcenium. Then visit the small but curious Temple of Isis, where the worship of the Egyptian goddess was carried on; her statue and the implements of the temple are at Naples, but you may remark the altars, the contrivance for delivering oracles so that they may appear to come from the goddess, when in reality they are pronounced by the priest concealed under her seat,—and the shell and columns of the building which are very entire. Then walk over the yet buried part of the city to the other extremity, where you see the fine and spacious amphitheatre almost uninjured, the seats divided as in the other theatres, the arena with the conduits for bringing water to wash off the blood spilt there, the dens for the wild beasts, and the apartments for the gladiators. Returning, view more particularly the fruit of the recent excavations, which you will not find described in your books, but which are amongst the most interesting we have made—the house of the tragic poet, so named from the various poetical subjects painted on the walls, one of the most complete habitations, and adorned with some of the best frescos hitherto discovered; and the public baths, forming a suite of warm, cold, and vapour baths, the most complete to be seen any where, with large and handsome rooms, arched and stuccoed, and painted, and containing niches where statues were found. Examine these interesting objects attentively, impress them upon your mind, and then boast that for three hours of your life you have been contemporary with Pliny and Titus."

In such language as this you are, or might be, addressed by a Pompeian cicerone. Let me add one or two general observations. The manners and modes of living of the ancients do not differ so much as might be expected from those of the modern Italians: many of the domestic utensils remain unaltered: the ancient shops are like those of the present day, open in front, with a marble slab for a counter; in the construction of the houses, the great object seems to have been to guard against heat, with little care for excluding cold, and thus it is at present. The houses were low, as was the case with most Roman habitations, even in countries less exposed to danger from earthquakes; the rooms are also small, but numerous. Glass was used, not only in bottles and dishes, but in windows, though seldom for the latter purpose, and of a thick and dim kind. It has been imagined that the eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Pompeii was the first of any consequence, but this is completely disproved by the fact, that the houses and walls of the city are principally built of lava, and the streets in some parts paved with that material, indicating its existence in very great quantities. This city has been covered by four several layers of ashes and mud, but not by lava: it is believed that the inhabitants dug into their houses as soon as they were able, after the great eruption, and removed the most valuable articles, but many houses are found evidently undisturbed. The co-

* The Avernus of Virgil lies between two mountains within view of Vesuvius.

vering of Pompeii is only a few yards in thickness, just rising above the tops of the houses, yet the place was not known till the year 1750, when it was accidentally discovered by some peasants. No wood has been found and no papyri, both being reduced to ashes. Only one side of the city has hitherto been disentombed, and at least three-fourths are still under ground. Pompeii is about thirteen miles distant from Naples, at the foot of Vesuvius, on the south-western side.

I had intended to comprehend in this letter my visit to Herculaneum, but my sheet is exhausted; and though there is very little to say about the city in question, I must leave that little till another opportunity.—Adieu.

E.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

[*From the Globe and Traveller.*]

We are enabled to communicate some interesting, but melancholy information respecting the African travellers. By letters received from Captain Willis of the Brazen, transmitting his correspondence with Captains Clapperton, Houston, &c. it appears that on the 5th December, Captain Clapperton writes to say, that through the intercession of the King of Badagry, he had obtained permission from the King of Hio to pass through his dominions; and that a proper escort of horses and guides was waiting his arrival; that he was to proceed the following morning, first crossing a lake near Papoe. He states that Hio is the Yariba of the Arabs.

On the 15th he writes from Jennah, a town in the kingdom of Yariba, describing the difficult and fatiguing journey they had made, chiefly through thick woods, but that the country afterwards became exceedingly beautiful, the people kind, well dressed in cap, shirt, and trowsers, and in possession of numerous horses. He states that, from Jennah to Katunga, the capital of Yariba, is about thirty days' journey, and from thence only three days to the Niger Kowara; he adds, that Captain Pearce, Mr. Morrison, and their white servants, had suffered much from fever, but were getting better.

On the 24th Mr. Houston writes from Jennah, to say that, in consequence of Dr. Morrison's severe indisposition, and after having advanced from Jennah about twenty miles, he was under the necessity of being sent back to the coast, but that the others were recovering. In a few days after their return to Jennah, Dr. Morrison and his servant both died.

On the 10th January Mr. Houston writes to his agent from Chiudo, saying, that he found, in his return from Jennah to Engua, that Captain Clapperton had been ill with fever, and his servant Richard the same, but that both were convalescent, and proceeding to their destination; and concludes by saying "there is no fear for Clapperton's health now; in a short time he will have accomplished what has been the object of other nations, that of travelling from west to east of the great African continent. During the last five days, we have been crossing the mountains of Kong, which, through the whole of that distance, are the most romantic and beautiful that can be imagined. We are now, I suppose, 2500 feet above the level of the sea, in a fine atmosphere, the thermometer 89 to 90 deg. (we have had it 98 deg.) and in lat. 8 deg. 23 min. 30 sec. and half-way to Katanga, at which place, as we now travel so much faster, we hope to arrive in twelve days. I shall see Clapperton across the Niger, and return with all haste. He is again quite well, and as hard as a Fellatuh." By a letter from Clapperton to Captain Willis, dated Engua, 28th December, he says, "It is my misfortune that I have nothing to communicate but the worst of news. Poor Pearce died yesterday, and I buried him to-day as respectably as I could, all the people of the town paying the greatest attention while I read the funeral service over his remains."

It has already been mentioned that Dr. Dickson set out from the coast of Dahomey, accompanied by M. de Souza and Mr. James. The latter had returned to the coast. From him it appears that they reached Dahomey on the 16th December, where they were received by the King and his Caboceers with the greatest respect. Mr. Dickson had a fever, but on the 26th he was sufficiently recovered to attend an audience, when it was settled that he should have a safe conduct through his dominions and those of his allies, to a place called Shar, said to be seventeen days' journey from Dahomey, in a northerly direction. He left Dahomey on the 31st, accompanied by 50 armed men and 100 bearers. The King appointed a relation of his own as a guide and ambassador to accompany him on his journey, a man who knew the country well, and who had travelled to Yariba. The direction from Shar to Youry is a little to the eastward of north.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

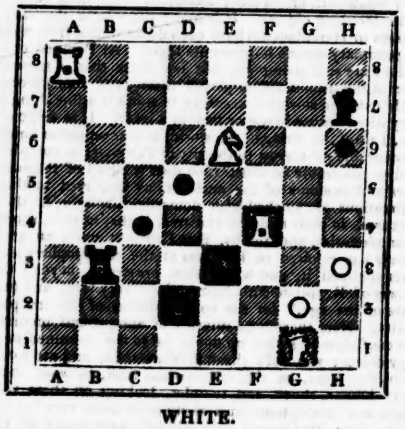
SOLUTION TO GAME XCIII.

White.	*Black.*
1 Knight .....C—7✕	1 King.....A—7
2 Bishop .....B—6✕	2 King.....B—6
3 Pawn .....C—5✕	3 King.....C—7
4 Knight .....E—6✕	4 King.....C—8
5 Castle .....D—8✕	MATE.

[NO. XCIV.]

The white to move, and to checkmate in five moves.

Black.



WHITE.

Menai Chain Bridge.—We request the attention of our readers to "A Trip to the Chain Bridge, near Bangor, and other parts of North Wales," just published, price sixpence.

Correspondence.

GRAMMATICAL QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the *Kaleidoscope* of yesterday, *Grammaticus* inquires "to what mood and tense the following *parts of a verb* belong,—Is being done—Was being lifted," &c.

The word *is*, we all know, to be in the indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number; *being* is the participle present of the same verb—viz. *to be*; and *done*, is the participle past of the verb *to do*; but it is downright absurdity to say, that the three words, *is being done*, are part of one verb, the first two being different parts of the same verb, and the third being another part of a different verb.

Nothing is more common, in our schools, than to hear, that "*I have loved*," "I have been loved," "I may have been loved," &c. severally form a part, and are respectively tenses, of the verb *love*. Now what is the meaning of the word tense? Its strictly literal meaning is time; when used in grammar, it signifies a variation of a verb to express a certain time; therefore, "loving" and "loved" may be said to be tenses of the verb *love*, as they are variations of it, and are used to signify a particular time, &c. different from the original word "love."

The tenses in the Greek and Latin are far more numerous than in any of the modern languages, and in regular verbs they invariably bear the original letters of the first part of the verb: for instance, *amo*, *amavi*, *amare*, *amandum*, &c. all retain the first letters, and evidently belong to the same verb, being altered in the latter syllables only; so that these may, with propriety, be called tenses. But the same cannot be said of what are called tenses in most of our English grammars. We are obliged to make use of several verbs, bearing a certain relation to each other, in order to convey the meaning, which is conveyed by one word in Latin or Greek. But they are not to be considered as parts of one verb, because the corresponding idea, in another language, happens to be conveyed in one word. *I have loved* is no more one part of a verb, than *on account of* (in Latin, *ob*) is one preposition; nor is either of the phrases, which *Grammaticus* mentions, a part of one verb, being, as I have said before, different parts of different verbs.

By-the-bye, *Eliza* is another *grammatical querist*. I perfectly agree with her that the *last three words* in the following sentence, "the last three words appear to me not to *be quite correct*," are not quite correct. I should prefer writing "the last three words appear to me to be not quite correct." With all due respect, &c. to *Miss Eliza*, and presuming that, by some mischance or other, she *italicized* the wrong *last three words*,—I remain, Yours, &c.

L. K.

Blackburn, May 24, 1826.

Just published, Price SIXPENCE,

A TRIP to the CHAIN BRIDGE, near BANGOR, and to other Parts of NORTH WALES, including Beaumaris, Carnarvon, the Lakes of Llanberris, Conway, Llanrwst, Llangollen, &c.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF LIVERPOOL.

☞ This Narrative was first published in the *Kaleidoscope* of August 9, 16, and 23, 1825; and is now re-printed in a separate form, with the addition of an Appendix, containing some particulars of remarkable Objects and Places mentioned in "The Trip."

To be had at the Mercury-office, where also may be had HOME TRUTHS, descriptive of the condition of Liverpool in the Year 1811, originally published in the first Volume of the *Liverpool Mercury*. To which is now added, an ORIGINAL COUNTERPART, applicable to the condition of the Country in the Year 1826. Written also for the *Liverpool Mercury*.—Price Sixpence. (*One concern.*)

To Correspondents.

PUBLIC FUNDS.—We shall in our next afford *Mercator* the information he requires through the medium of the *Kaleidoscope*, as we have in our possession a very good article on the subject.

CHESS CHALLENGE.—We have in our possession the name and address of a correspondent, whose *nom de guerre* is *Spurs*. It is accompanied by an acceptance of *Dr. Dunderhead's* challenge, to engage *hand to hand*. We shall deliver this note to the valiant Doctor's order any day about noon.

GHOSTS.—We have received another letter from *Mr. Wilson*, one of the sceptical opponents of *H. D.* We reserve it for next week; as the ground was occupied already by the opposite party. The believers have it all their own way this week, with the exception of a few remarks of our own with which the correspondence is prefaced. *Mr. Wilson* wishes us to notice a typographical error, which crept into his former letter, and of which he says *H. D.* has taken an unfair advantage. The words are, as they stand in the *Kaleidoscope*, "the former had changed *this* conviction," which ought to have been "the former had changed *his* conviction."

W. R. of Manchester, may not perhaps be aware that this 12th volume of the *Kaleidoscope* will terminate with the next month, a circumstance which we notice here in order to afford him the opportunity of comprising the whole of Sir Bertrand in the same volume.

MUSIC.—We shall next week give a place to the waltz of * * *. We presume it is original?

Ianthe's verses shall appear. We are at a loss to make out the second line of the second verse, which appears to be

An incense *shure* of bloom.

P. M.'s dirge shall also be inserted next week.

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